

Christian Intelligencer.

"WE WERE ONCE THESE MAXIMS FIX'D—THAT GOD'S OUR FRIEND, VIRTUE OUR GOOD, AND HAPPINESS OUR END, HOW SOON MUST REASON O'ER THE WORLD PREVAIL, AND ERROR, FRAUD AND SUPERSTITION FAIL."

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THE PROPRIETOR,
BY JOHN RAMSEY.

CLEVELAND FLETCHER, Editor.

From the Christian Messenger.

FAREWELL SERMON,
BY C. F. LE FEVRE,
delivered in the Orchard-st. and Green-
wich Church, Aug. 30, 1835, on the
occasion of his departure for
Europe.

And now, brethren, I command you to God, and to
the word of his grace, which is able to build you up,
and to give you an inheritance among all them which
are sanctified. Acts xx. 32.

The words of our text form a portion
that most affectionate address which
is delivered by the great apostle of the
Gospel to the elders of the Church at
Athens, when he called them together
previous to his departure for Jerusalem.
or the space of three years he had been
with them, preaching the gospel of sal-
vation and faithfully laboring in his min-
isterial vocation. Uncertain whether he
should ever again behold these beloved
brethren, feelingly alive to their welfare
and growth in grace, he convoked them
together perhaps for the last time, to give
them his advice and pastoral benedic-
tions. The closing part of this address,
which contains his benediction, consti-
tutes the substance of the text, and I
will avail myself of it, as appropriate
to the occasion on which I now address

"And now brethren I command you to
God." The apostle felt in this separa-
tion from his beloved flock, that he was
leaving them in the care of one, who was
undoubtedly able and willing to extend to
wards them his divine protection. The
assurance which he experienced on this
occasion no doubt originated from the
news which since his introduction to the
Gospel, he had formed of the character
of the Deity. I cannot better improve
my subject than to ascertain from the
Apostle's writings what those
news were precisely, and if you my
brethren as well as myself can entertain
the same, we shall be enabled mutually
to exercise the same blessed assurance
and confidence. I remark then in the
first place that Paul regarded God in the
light of a Father. This he expressly as-
serts. When he was at Athens and ob-
served that great city grossly plunged in
idolatry, he took occasion to expostulate
with some of its distinguished citizens on
the folly of their conduct. He refers
them to the writings of some of their pos-
tives in which the expression occurs that
men are the offspring of God, and be-
neath them in consideration of this en-
nobling truth, to turn from their dumb
ools and serve the living God, the Cre-
ator and Parent of the universe, "in
whom we live, and move, and have our
being." It has been imagined by some
that the unconverted God does not
possess the parental character; but we
perceive from this circumstance that
Paul judged otherwise. When he made
his appeal to them, he addressed them as
brethren, as a people deeply sunk in the
worst idolatry, and therefore assuredly
not converted men. But yet he does not
desist to address them as the children
of his heavenly father. Since his intro-
duction into the school of Christ he had
such more extended views than while he
was pursuing his studies at the feet of
Paul. There was a time when he
nited the divine relationship, and when
he thought that an act of oppression,
persecution and even bloodshed towards
those whom he considered aliens of the
household of God, was an act meritorious
in its nature. To kill a prophet was
doing God service. But when the light
of the gospel shown into his heart, he had
different views. He then saw that
God was not the God of the Jews only,
but of the Gentiles also; that Jew and
gentile, bond and free, saint and sinner,
were the offspring of the same common
parent and heirs of one common salva-
tion.

In the light of this truth, the apostle
would command his brethren to God as a
faithful creator. If God was the father
of all, to whose care could he leave them
with a better assurance of hope. If you
were about to absent yourself from the
family, would you feel any hesitation in
leaving your brothers and sisters to the
care and protection of your parents?—
assuredly not. Painful as the parting
might be, and uncertain as your return
might be, the greatest solace you would
experience at this moment, would be the
comfortable assurance that your dear
brethren were in the best possible hands.
The anguish of your heart would be
soothed by this consideration and it
would soon efface the tear that trembled
in your eye. Now Paul considered God
as a most kind and merciful Father and
therefore he felt full confidence in com-
mending his brethren to God. From
what a load of misery would the human
mind be relieved, if the blessed truth
were universally received into the heart.

Could mankind be persuaded to feel it in all its excellency, what filial confidence, what unwavering assurance would it inspire. Then whatever difficulties they might meet with on the journey of life, they would look to their father for support, and heaven as the home of their rest. They would love him supremely, for they would know that if all others forsook him, he would still remain faithful. They would realize the force of this most gracious promise, "when my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take up."

I remark, secondly, that Paul not only considered God as a father but as a Savior. Here then was a fresh ground for confidence and trust in him. I will give you his language, "we trust in the living God, who is the Savior of all men, especially of those who believe." This was the very climax of his confidence.—We trust our earthly parents and feel as far as their ability extends they will promote our happiness and welfare. So far as this we feel all confidence and we are enabled from this filial assurance of their parental love to go boldly to them in every time of our need. But however extensive their wishes their powers are limited. Except from penury there is little from which even a parental hand can save us. From bodily pain and from mental anguish, from our frailties and our follies, our sorrows and our sins, they possess no power to save. To effect this we must look to the arm of Omnipotence. How truly cheering then is it to know that there is one mighty to save; that amidst all our wanderings, the untiring eye of divine watchfulness and love wakes over us and purposes at that time which unerring wisdom knows best, to lead the blind by a way which they know not.

The author of our text was an eminent instance of God's superabundant grace. How deeply was he tinctured of crime! what dark passions reigned in his bosom! persecution, cruelty, revenge, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness reigned triumphant in his heart. No wonder when he reviewed his past life, and called to mind the dark period, when the supplicating voice of the martyred Stephen prayed for mercy on his murderers, that he considered himself the chief of sinners. But O! how great the change! He was now an advocate of that very faith which he sought to destroy. If God was merciful to him the chief of sinners, why should he despair of mercy being extended to his brethren. Certainly his own experience was in favor of such a result. Hence how beautifully he expresses the workings of his mind on this interesting point. He tells us "experience worketh hope, and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life."

Here, my brethren, you see the power of God unto salvation in all its fullness. What a blessed hope did the experience of Paul work in his soul! How it harmonized with his prayers and his faith! He tells that his prayer to God was that all might be saved; he tells us that his faith was in the living God, the Saviour of all, and he entertained a hope commensurate with those holy desires. Well might he say that it was a hope that maketh not ashamed; and that it was consistent with the most pure and exalted principle of Christian holiness is evident from the reason which he, "because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given to us." It was a hope inspired by the love of God, communicated to the soul by the Holy Spirit. Does the love of God, does the Holy Ghost inspire us with false hopes? Ye doubting, fearful, unbelieving Christians, who dare not cherish a hope equal to the desires of your hearts, may I not address to you the language of the Redeemer of sinners, "O wherefore do ye doubt? O ye of little faith."

While it was the happiness of Paul thus to contemplate the Father of the spirits of all flesh, we are not at any loss to account for his commanding his brethren to God as a faithful Creator, but it appears to me, that in any other view of the subject he would have had dreadful apprehensions, fearful misgivings. Could he have doubted for one moment the eternal welfare of one of these dear brethren, how keen would have been the anguish of his soul, at this parting scene. Would you then, my dear brethren, experience that fulness of confidence and that holy assurance which dwelt in the bosom of the Apostle, you must cherish

the same degree of faith, the same exalted hope. Any thing less than this will leave the little bark of your happiness at the mercy of the waves, in the dark ocean of uncertainty and doubt. Alas, how many are there in the world tempest tossed and not comforted because their hope is fluctuating and their faith limited!

I proceed to the second clause of my text. I command you "to the word of my grace which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified." See here, my beloved, on what a foundation the Apostle builds the structure of the Christian Church! The word of God's grace, his favor, his love, is the basis of the spiritual temple. What a glorious foundation! What a precious corner stone! Who then shall persuade us not to preach the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, lest the Church of God may be destroyed? Shall we like those foolish builders, the blinded Jews, reject that stone which has now become the chief stone of the corner? Far be it from us. It is that only which is able "to build us up and give us an inheritance among them which are sanctified," and when it is brought forth our grateful hearts will exclaim, "grace unto it, grace unto it." Remember then, my friends, that whatever may be the component parts of the spiritual structure, the word of God's grace, the doctrine of his love and salvation must be the foundation. For other foundation can no man lay than there is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Any doctrine which is at war with this, forms no part of the Christian temple. It must spoil the beauty and symmetry of the edifice.—But when the love of God manifested in Jesus Christ by the reconciliation of the world is the basis, every part of the divine economy and government will find its proper place. Are any afflicted?—Has the chastening hand of the Almighty laid heavy upon them, and their soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death? Be not discouraged because of the way, neither be ye weary. Afflicted children of humanity, be persuaded to believe that love still directs the arm of your heavenly Father. Have ye forgotten (says the Apostle) the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, my son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons, for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? Now no chastening of the Lord for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." You see then even in the darkest hour of affliction that a ray of divine light emanates from the mercy seat of the Most High, to cheer the child of sorrow and affliction. The little cup of sorrow presented to our lips, is still tendered by the parental hand of love. Blessed, pre-eminently blessed is he who can realize this truth and apply it to his unspeakable comfort.

I do not disguise the fact that it is a hard lesson to learn. My experience, my observation, my spirit testifies, that he must have been a diligent scholar in the school of Christ who can meet the storm of sorrow pressing heavy on his soul and not shrink before the blast.—The "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," the very image of all moral perfection, agonized in the garden of Gethsemane, and in the depth of his grief was constrained to exclaim, "O my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." Frail child of the dust, if it were necessary that he who knew no sin, should still drink thus deep of the waters of affliction, murmur not, if thou art called upon to receive thy chastening. "Why should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins," as long then as we cherish the belief, that the punishment, whatever it may be, and wherever it may be, is still inflicted with the merciful design of ultimate good, it will not be found inconsistent with the most perfect love. But the idea of unmitigated, endless punishment instead of bringing forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, plunging the sinner deeper in misery and in crime, and that inflicted by a father's hand, is, I confess, a sentiment abhorrent to my soul. I can see no beauty, no excellence in it; I see nothing of the love of God; nothing of the grace or mercy of Jesus Christ. I cannot reconcile it with any principle either of goodness and utility, and I feel conscientiously bound to reject it as an unsightly, monstrous stone, placed by some incautious builder in that glorious edifice, whose foundation is the love of God, and whose superstructure is a combination of heavenly graces.

On the same principle on which we have accounted for the existence of misery in the world, may we likewise account for the existence of sin, God is love and yet sin and misery exist. This obstacle to divine grace rises before many like a mountain and it acquires at least faith like a grain of mustard seed to cast it into the deep. I feel it in all its magnitude, but my faith rises above its towering height. The objection, however, I must be permitted to remark, comes with a very bad grace, from those christians who differ from us in their estimate of the divine government, for it presents a present difficulty in our way, it lies as an eternal barrier in theirs. While we can contemplate a period when the wisdom of God shall destroy sin and misery in every degree and bring in everlasting righteousness, they perpetuate it, and it stands as a monument of the impotency of an Almighty arm. I confess that with the implements which reason furnishes, unassisted by divine revelation, I should despair of reconciling the two propositions. But when permitted by the eye of faith to look at the consummation, the difficulty ceases. The language of the author of the text supplies to my mind a sufficient explanation of the whole matter." "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope. Because the creature also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travails in pain together until now; and not only they, but ourselves also which have the first fruits of the spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." Now if we can believe with Paul, that "where sin abounds, grace does much more abound," the perfect beauty of the temple of grace, remains unblemished. But I must confess without this solution, I could not "justify the ways of God with man." Immortalize sin, immortalize misery, and you drive me on the barren shores of Atheism.—Man comes on the drama of existence and this is the first scene. He sees but in part, he knows but in part. He goes out during the first act and all is dark and mysterious. Did he wait for the development of the drama, he would see the perfection of the plan. I cannot entertain a doubt that when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, when this mortal shall have put on immortality, when Christ shall have delivered up the kingdom to God his Father, and God shall be all in all, every eye will see and every tongue will confess that all has been conducted with unerring wisdom and infinite love. The grace of God will still survive amidst "a wreck of matter, or a crash of worlds."

With such views of divine government as Paul entertained, he could confidently command his brethren to God and to the word of his grace, and having partaken from the same inexhaustible fountain of divine love, I can with the same confidence command you to our common Parent. While you are grounded in this most holy faith you will continue to grow into a holy temple of the Lord, and I pray you God to keep firm in that faith which will give you "an inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

I do not disguise the fact that it is a hard lesson to learn. My experience, my observation, my spirit testifies, that he must have been a diligent scholar in the school of Christ who can meet the storm of sorrow pressing heavy on his soul and not shrink before the blast.—The "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," the very image of all moral perfection, agonized in the garden of Gethsemane, and in the depth of his grief was constrained to exclaim, "O my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." Frail child of the dust, if it were necessary that he who knew no sin, should still drink thus deep of the waters of affliction, murmur not, if thou art called upon to receive thy chastening. "Why should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins," as long then as we cherish the belief, that the punishment, whatever it may be, and wherever it may be, is still inflicted with the merciful design of ultimate good, it will not be found inconsistent with the most perfect love. But the idea of unmitigated, endless punishment instead of bringing forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, plunging the sinner deeper in misery and in crime, and that inflicted by a father's hand, is, I confess, a sentiment abhorrent to my soul. I can see no beauty, no excellence in it; I see nothing of the love of God; nothing of the grace or mercy of Jesus Christ. I cannot reconcile it with any principle either of goodness and utility, and I feel conscientiously bound to reject it as an unsightly, monstrous stone, placed by some incautious builder in that glorious edifice, whose foundation is the love of God, and whose superstructure is a combination of heavenly graces.

I go to rejoice the heart of father, mother and brothers. To feel the grasp of a Father's warm affection and the embrace of a mother's warmer love.—Fourteen years have now elapsed since we mingled our parting tears, and except in that strong affection which lives in the parental bosom, while life's taper burns, I must look for a great change. Time will have left some traces of his silent operations.

I go bearing with me the words of eternal life, and I assure you that it is in view of this that I indulge some of the most pleasing and pure anticipations.—Should it be the good will of my heavenly Father to make me instrumental in enlightening the understanding of any, especially of those whom I am more immediately connected with the ties of

consanguinity, how grateful should I feel for this mark of his favor. To present a more elevated view of the divine government, to inspire a better hope, to exalt the character of the Redeemer, and to have the testimony received into the heart would afford me the highest possible consolation. I look forward to this as the most fruitful source of joy in my proposed journey. May I not be disappointed in these ardent anticipations.

I go, my friends, as the adopted son of this country. Dear to my heart is my native soil; dear very dear are my kindred and friends in the land of my birth. I shall never think of them but with the strongest emotions of affection and tenderness. But still, I must be permitted to call this my home. I feel that a great change has come over me. Your constitution and your institutions accord with my feelings and I could scarcely more content myself with that form of government whose throne is established on the prostrate liberties of the people, than I could enjoy myself in a heaven whose pillars were planted in that fabled gulf "where countless millions mourn." Republicanism and Universalism are more closely allied than many imagine.

Brethren, may you go on and prosper; may God shed upon you both temporal and spiritual blessings. May I find, on my return, many added to your ranks: that the word has run and been glorified, and that many from the east and the west the north and the south have come to sit down with you in the kingdom of his grace. And thus "I command you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." Amen.

[From the Magazine and Advocate.]

REFORMATION.

As there is much inconsistency and error in the religious world, humanity calls us to labor for its reformation.—However desirable concert of action and feeling may be in the execution of so great a work, it cannot be expected under the present state of things. Mankind are, and will long be, influenced by illiberal and partial views of divine government, which have been carefully engraved upon their youthful minds, have grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength, until they seem to be natural and constitutional.—We cannot expect uniformity of opinion, nor can we reasonably wish to impose upon the world any creed, but that of liberality and love. Such a creed if creed it may be called, must harmonize the discordant sentiments and feelings of men, enlarge their social affections and make them good and happy. Such principles should be assiduously cultivated, while we should reasonably oppose such as engender wrath and bitterness, disconnect society and exercise a demoralizing influence upon the human mind.

We need not oppose the doctrine of endless misery because there is danger of its leading its votaries to irrecoverable ruin, but because we know from experience and observation that it is destructive of happiness in this life—because it endangers, if not destroys the peace of mortals, and is fraught with mischiefs of the greatest magnitude.—There are some from whom I cannot expect thanks for these remarks, for in the delirium of their disorder they frequently mistake their friends for their enemies; but let this be as it may, I know for whom I labor, and who is able to reward me.

The reformation of the world can never be effected until vice can be restrained and virtue encouraged: and the common system of moral discipline is so very defective that it has failed to accomplish this object. As this has long been, and is still the prevailing system, every species of wickedness abounds in our land. The human passions have in some cases been warmed by the expectation of a partial heaven, till they have become as ferocious as the tiger, while others through the fears of an angry God and an exclusive heaven, have been plunged into the lowest hell. We should therefore, oppose these errors conscientiously as we would any fatal delusion that is scattering misery and death among us.

If people will take pains to examine our religious views, they will discover in them the most lovely attractions of virtue and religion, and very necessary restraint upon vice and impurity: but they cannot without investigation and thought, for great care has been taken to keep them in ignorance of the system. We should be careful in our researches, however, that we do not put new wine into old bottles, for many have attempted to connect what they understood of Universalism, with some of their own groundless errors, and as they have then discovered absurdity and folly, they have rejected the whole system as unfounded. There is perfect harmony in every part of our system, but it cannot be blended with error in such a manner

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

"And truth diffuse her radiance from the Press."

GARDINER, OCTOBER 9, 1835.

FROM MY DIARY.

AN INCIDENT.

Indeed; returning to your *Study* again said a friend of mine, as I was leaving the little parlor in which we had been seated. You are in the wrong certainly, thus to exclude yourself from the world; pent up in a room some twelve feet square and poring over your musty old books continually, will ere long render you an invalid, for already do I perceive that your cheeks are divested of their rosy hue, and the blood flows cold and sluggishly through your youthful veins. But my friend what would you have me to do? I am alone in the world, young and void of experience. I have studied a profession, have put on my robes of office and it is now my duty to apply myself closely to my studies, that I may be enabled to instruct those who are under my charge. The cause in which I am engaged is very unpopular, and I am under the necessity of stemming the tide of frowns—rebukes and hard speeches of an unfeeling world. I must ascend the hill of life by my own exertions, and if I neglect the course which I have marked out, and for which you now censure me, I shall be numbered among those who sacrifice their duty at the shrine of indolence and pleasure. Well, well I did not think of drawing from you a long sermon, but as you have not said that my opposition to your religious opinions led me to the course which I have taken, I have dropped the subject, and now for a walk; it is extremely pleasant, the mild air which comes stealing from the west, will invigorate both the body and mind, and you will be enabled to return in a short time to your old arm chair and pen one of your heretical sermons with increased celerity. You are determined I see to have your way, I will walk with you then and view the works of nature, and we will abide by their decision which is the heretic you or I. We left the house together, and struck into a cross-road that led into an open amphitheatre of nature which was beautiful beyond description. The day was drawing to a close—it had been raining in the morning, but in the afternoon it had cleared up, and though dark and heavy clouds still hung over our heads, yet in the west a large tract of clear sky from which the setting sun gleamed through the thick foliage around us, and lit up all nature into a melancholy smile. "It seemed like the parting hour of a good christian, smiling on the sins and sorrows of the world, and giving, in the serenity of his decline, an assurance that he will rise again in glory." We stopped upon the summit of a gentle hill, on our right; as far as the vision could reach, swept an unbounded plain; a wilderness of pasture land in which sheep and cattle innumerable were cropping the tender grass. On the left were cornfields and rich vineyards, where the purple grape were intermixed with the ripening ears. Immediately before us a mighty river rolled on its deep flood, and at intervals a sluggish bark would creep down the stream gently, and when this was passed a silence deep and unbroken, reigned over the placid waters and the beautiful land through which it wandered. My friend said I, you deem me an heretic because I have unbounded faith in the impartial goodness of my heavenly Father.

See you, yonder setting sun? Its rays extend to the evil and the good. The showers which have recently fallen upon the earth, have watered alike the fields of the just and the unjust. There is no being but what enjoys the smiles of an indulgent Heaven however vicious and perverse in the eyes of the world. We are indebted to him for our existence, and for all things which renders life desirable. All nature speaks of his impartial goodness and of his parental kindness. The world is full and over-flowing with arguments in favor of the doctrine I advocate. From the bosom of the earth we gather bread—fruit and flowers, and the world rings with the voice of melody, joy and gladness. If the world with its inhabitants were stricken with universal sadness, if man traversed the earth with downcast eyes and gloomy countenance, I might allow that you had some faint evidence of your sentiment, for this would be the natural effects of the doctrine; but what is the fact? "Is it a solemn creation that I see around me? Is it not rather a joyous creation?" Does it not ring from side to side with notes of joy? It is not the moaning owl from her blighted tree that I commonly hear—but the glad song of the birds of day. All about me is activity—yes, and the activity of pleasure. Swift wings fan the air around me; quick steps hurry by me in their gambols, and the whole wide firmament sends forth from its viewless strings, the music of a rejoicing creation. Heaven and earth are filled, I had almost said, with a sensible joy. It seems as if the Spirit that is abroad in the universe was scarcely veiled from our eyes; as if we almost saw it through its robe of light—saw

an expression, more intense than any countenance can give, in the serene heavens—as if we felt a presence, nearer than that of any friend in the beauty and fragrance and breath of summer. And the heavens—is it an illusion to think so?—the *heavens* grow brighter and the earth more beautiful, as we gaze upon them with the eye of devout joy and thanksgiving." My friend remained silent for some length of time; he then turned to me and said, your arguments are plausible, and many of them incontrovertible, but still I cannot give you the liberty at present to number me among your converts; I am still a believer in the doctrine of endless misery, although I acknowledge you have shaken my faith somewhat since I have been listening to your specious remarks. I do deem you an heretic, but nature perhaps may attach that appellation to me; I will not stop now to ascertain this point, it will satisfy you if I yield the point, which I do, and when we have more leisure we will controvert the question: come, let us retrace our steps. As we were turning into the main road which led to our cottage, we espied an old man whose form was much bent, and who leaned heavily upon the rude staff which he carried with him for support; he was venerable in his appearance; the years of his pilgrimage had numbered well nigh three score and twelve summers, and he was just upon the verge of his grave, ready to step in. There, says my friend, is a relic of the last century; he is no doubt well versed in the vicissitudes of life; he received his education at a period but little subsequent to the days of the puritans, and you will find that he still retains and cherishes those religious sentiments which were taught him in his childhood; he has not seceded from the true church, but he still regards as sacred the opinions of his ancestors; I am so well convinced of this that I am willing to pledge myself to abide by his decision on the subject at issue. Say you so my friend? then I feel well assured that he will decide in my favor, for I perceive that a smile mantles his furrowed cheek, and an expression of satisfaction rests upon his countenance. The old gentleman drew near, and after the usual salutations I thus addressed him: Father! will you permit a youth who is desirous of gathering wisdom from gray hairs, to inquire of you by what means you have been enabled to escape from the storms of adversity, to elude the shafts of trouble, and to prosecute the journey of life thus far unscathed by the thousands of ills which flesh is heir to? God bless you, my child, said the old man, and permit me to inquire in turn by what means you became acquainted with my history? Your own frame—the expressions of your face, father, tell me that you have glided smoothly along the stream of time—that your voyage has been pleasant, and that you are now waiting calmly for the summons to arrive to order your spirit to the land of rest beyond the Jordan of death.—You are right, child. My life has been, like a summer's sky, calm and serene; I have outlived nearly all of my kindred, and I am now waiting impatiently for the moment to arrive which will clothe my earthly career, and introduce me to the myriads of souls made perfect through the blood of the Lamb. I have always been reconciled to the will of God; in early life I became acquainted with the sainted MURRAY; I became a convert to his doctrine, and to its salutary influence am I indebted for a peaceful life. I have no dark and dreary forebodings in regard to my future existence, but I rejoice in the sanctifying, soul-saving belief that all of Adam's race will be saved from sin and misery, and rejoice in the glorious liberty of the children of God. This belief, and this alone, is enough to make angels weep for joy, and surely it would mantle an old man's cheek with a smile, and enstamp upon his countenance peace and satisfaction. May you embrace the same doctrine, practice upon its heaven-born principles, and the cup of bitterness will never be pressed to your lips. The old man left us, and my friend and I were soon within the doors of our dwelling; he was silent, and he seemed to be reflecting upon what the aged patriarch had said, so I left him, passed into my study, seated myself in my old arm chair, and commenced writing one of those kind of sermons which my friend would call heretical.

ENTERING INTO REST.

"We which have believed," says the Apostle, "do enter into rest." This is perfectly characteristic of the gospel faith.—Doubt, gloom, distrust, and that fear which hath torment, are not permitted to dwell in the mind, while under its salutary influence. Life and immortality are brought to light, and the darkness of death illumined by that hope which maketh not ashamed, and which is truly designated as "an anchor of the soul sure and steadfast."

The traditions of men—the doctrines and wisdom of this world alone can never impart permanent rest or peace to the mind. The speculations of him who discards the record of God's word, must end where they began, still in doubt; so far as relates to our condition beyond this life; and rest cannot be obtained in doubts and surmises. He who has embraced the doctrine of eternal torments, and possesses at the same time a benevolent heart, must surely be deprived of his rest, so often as this article of his faith presents itself; and the more he re-

flects on it, the farther will peace depart from him. Nothing save the voice of him is "the resurrection and the life" can give rest to the bosom of frail mortality. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls." Such is the language of the blessed Redeemer to the children of men.

Sinner, come; for here is found
Balm that flows from every wound,
Peace that shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred sure.

Reader—heed thou the voice of the Divine Instructor; receive the truths and consolations of his word, and enter into rest.—So shall you be enabled to say with truth—"believing we rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

THE VALUE OF HOPE.

"Christians! I speak not to the aged only, but to those who have just passed the morning of life. When you remark around you the many vacancies which death has made among those whom you loved and valued; when you see how many of the aged, and venerable, and deep-rooted trees have been upturned, and how many of the fairest opening blossoms nipped, how many in their meridian have been suddenly cut down with their unripe and ungathered fruit hanging thick about them; when you have so often seen death trampling with indifference on the pride and boast of genius, wit and learning, and piercing with his fatal arrow the thickest shield and panoply of virtue, and desolating the fairest scenes of human happiness, usefulness and promise; tell me, have you never felt the infinite voice of that hope, which does not permit you to think of them as lost; but which commands you to take a wider prospect of the ways and purposes of God, and remark that some are but transplanted to a more genial soil and clime, there to strike a more vigorous root, to put forth fairer blossoms, and to pour out a sweeter fragrance and a richer harvest; and that wisdom, benevolence, usefulness, integrity and piety shall never want scope and opportunity for exercise, improvement and progress, so long as the greatest and best of Beings holds the throne of the universe?"

CONVERSION OF A CLERGYMAN IN OHIO.

The following is an extract of a letter from Br. Joseph Bradley, of Chardon, Ohio, to the editors of the Magazine and Advocate. Converts to the truth, as it is in Jesus, are multiplying as fast as light and knowledge increase.

But to return to our own affairs. A Methodist clergyman in Newburg, in this county, has recently renounced the heart-chilling dogma of endless misery, and is now preaching a world's salvation. His name is Bell; he is reputed a talented physician, a good moralist, and an honest man.

Br. Ammi Bond resides in Saybrook—Br. Sweet is preaching in Cleveland, and Dr. Doloff is laboring in Cuyahoga county—so that we have five Universalist preachers within thirty-five miles of this city, and yet the "far west" presents opportunities for more laborers who will lay aside the *creeds and doctrines* of men, and proclaim the more substantial realities of love to God and our fellow beings. If this country was filled with such preachers, pure and undefiled religion would more abundantly prevail, and soon supplant the contending *isms* of the day, and our brethren of every name and creed would soon acknowledge that the whole duty of man is comprised in love to our Creator and all human kind; and see the fallacy of an attempt to worship the Almighty "by teaching for doctrine the commandments of men."

I am yours in the Gospel of the Redeemer.
JOSEPH BRADLEY.
Chardon, Ohio, August 21, 1835.

THE DIFFERENCE.

It will be found to require but little reflection to lead the candid mind to the conclusion that there is a wide difference—a very evident dissimilarity between the doctrine of Universalism and that of endless suffering, both as respects the foundations on which they rest, and the influences which they respectively exert upon the practical affairs of human life. The doctrine of endless punishment, as we very well know, derives its chief, if not its only support, from the idea that God is wrathful and vindictive—Universalism, on the contrary, is sustained, and triumphantly sustained, by the truth most clearly revealed and amply illustrated that "God is love," and that "he hath commanded his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

It is but reasonable to suppose that doctrines so dissimilar in their nature, and built upon foundations so entirely different, will produce widely different results in their operations upon the minds, feelings, and consciences of mankind. If by the foolishness of preaching any are converted to the belief that God is wrathful and vindictive we are strangely at fault in our calculations if they do not become more like their deity than can be compatible with the peace and happiness of society. We honestly regard it as a most fortunate thing that believers in the doctrine under consideration have in all ages, especially in this, lived in the habitual violation of the moral teachings, of their faith—though it might offend the delicate sensibilities of many well meaning christians, were they to say how large an amount of the persecutions and cruelties which have disgraced the religion of our Master, originated from the doctrine of which we speak thus disrespectfully.

But, while we contend that Universalism is vastly preferable to partialism on account of its natural effect upon the feelings, and conduct of mankind, we are disposed very humbly to make the acknowledgement that we speak more in reference to that which strikes us a le-

gitimate conclusion deducible from the premises, than from a knowledge of results that have fallen under our observation. We have known instances, notwithstanding, illustrative of the truth of our general statement; but we are not prepared to assert, that there has been, as yet, such proofs of the efficacy of our faith given to the world, as must precede that happy state of things which we desire to have brought about. This opens the way for a remark on a subject more especially interesting to the faithful friends of the truth as it is in Jesus, who have manifested a desire to spread abroad a knowledge of our Creators love, and to labor, and suffer reproach for trusting in his impartial grace.

The cause so dear to the hearts of those who sincerely love our Lord Jesus Christ, though it has seemingly prospered, more abundantly than its earlier friends could have expected, is yet in its infancy. A good work has been begun and thus far successfully carried on; but in our view of the case, it will require a vast amount of exertion, to render Universalism productive of those practically beneficial results which have all along been regarded as the 'seals of our ministry, and the crowns of our rejoicing.'

The great and important truth above mentioned designated as the fundamental principle of our faith, namely, that 'God is Love,' has been frequently and earnestly insisted upon; and this was of course indispensable to the success of the cause of liberal and rational christianity, but to dwell continually upon this great truth can be of but comparatively little advantage, unless the minds of the people can at the same time be impressed with a sense of the importance of reducing it to practice. It seems to us, that up to the present time, we have gone but little further than to proclaim and defend the truth of divine and impartial love, and that a great work remains to be done—a work which is worthy of the most devoted efforts of the preachers of Universalism. An important principle remains undeveloped; and upon the development of that principle depends, not only the fate of liberal christianity, but of religion in any of its forms. We allude to that moral principle of our faith which imperatively requires that we should love one another.—*Pioneer.*

THE DISCUSSION.

We are truly gratified to perceive the interest manifested by the religious community in the publication of the Discussion between Dr. Ely and Br. Thomas, in book form. It must, it will do good. Several of our most respectable secular Journals in various parts of the country have spoken of the work as it deserves, and we trust there will be no individual who considers the subject of religious truth seriously, inclined to be indifferent on the subject of man's final destiny. To every Universalist, and to every orthodox, man or woman, we would say—READ THIS DISCUSSION—do not turn away from it. You will find it interesting and profitable.—*Star and Universalist.*

From the Star and Universalist.

THEY CAST HIM OUT.

The following singular epistle was sent by some Methodist church members to one of their number who had imbibed the heretical doctrine that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." How does it sound?

"We, the members of the Protestant Methodist Church, in Brooklyn Township, Warrenville circuit and Pittsburg conference, do hereby request Brother R. Vaughn to withdraw from us as a member; and our only reason is, that he believes in the final restitution of all men to holiness and happiness, which causes a collision of feeling in the church. This is our request not Brother Vaughn's. Done at Brooklyn, this first day of April, 1835—and this we give him as a testimonial of his moral and christian walk.

Cyrus Briniard, Class Leader.
John Hoover, Superintendent.

THE PENALTY.

God said to our first parents '*in the day thou eatest thereof thou shall surely die.*' Is it not strange, as if Modern Divines tell us; endless punishment is the penalty of sin, that God did not make known this fact to Adam? And after Adam and Eve sinned is it not unaccountable strange, that God in detailing their punishment, did not mention this awful punishment among the rest? Surely it was as necessary that Adam should know the truth of this doctrine, as it is that men should know it now. Ministers tell us that it is highly important, that men should know that endless punishment is the penalty of sin. Why did God consider it as important for Adam to know it? Can any other answer be given, than because it is not true?

W. Brattleboro, Vt. C. W.

A FACT.

A sister in the faith of Abraham, a few evenings since, observed, that it had been said, that Universalist clergymen were more subject to failing than those of any other order. Said she, 'I tell them if it appears so it is because they are, as a body, more strict in their rules than any other order. If our ministers do wrong they are exposed and set aside. But if the Limitarian clergy are guilty of crime, they make every effort to hide it, and their fellowship is seldom interrupted.' I say this is a fact. Let Universalist rules be applied to the clergy of other denominations and many that are now thought to be exceedingly pious, would be fugitives and vagabonds in the earth.'

Still I apprehend we are not sufficiently watchful. It is not enough that we are as strict as moral as other people, if we have better principles we ought to be better men. Christ hath us an example, and let us follow in his steps.—*Inq. & Anchor.*

A resolution passed the U. S. General Convention at its late session, recommending the cause of Temperance to the attention of all members of the denomination, and advising total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. This is a repetition of a resolve that passed the General Convention many years since. We believe this was the first ecclesiastical body in the United States, that publicly espoused the cause of Temperance.—*Trumpet.*

NEW PAPER.

By a notice in the last Universalist Watchman (says the Trumpet) we perceive that a paper is to be published somewhere on the line of Vermont and New Hampshire, of the size of the Watchman, at one dollar per year. It is to be considered, as Br. Fuller states, the paper of the Universalist denomination of New Hampshire and Vermont, and the profits are to be appropriated to such purpose as the denomination in those States shall decide. The Watchman and Impartialist are to be merged in the new paper; but the "Star" at Concord, we suppose will continue to be published as formerly. We wish all our brethren success, and pray that those measures may be adopted which shall result in building up the cause in those States.

MORE LABORERS.

Br. Carrington Blanchard, of East Chittenango, Genesee county, N. Y., has commenced his labors in the ministry of the restoration of all things.

Br. Alfred C. Barry, of Utica, Ontario county, N. Y. has recently commenced laboring in the vineyard of our Master, as a minister of universal grace.

VERMONT CONVENTION.

The Vermont State Convention assembled at Burlington, August 26th, 1835. Br. S. C. Loveland was chosen Moderator, and Brs. E. Ballou and J. L. Watson, Clerks. Br. K. Haven was chosen Standing Clerk. Fourteen preachers were present; and discourses were delivered by Brs. J. Baker, K. Haven, E. Garfield, S. C. Loveland, R. Streeter and J. Smith.

TIME.

It waits for no man—it travels onward with an even uninterrupted inexorable step, without accommodating itself to the delay of mortals. The restless hours pursue their course—moments press after moments—day treads upon day—year rolls after year. Does man loiter? procrastinate? Is he less or indolent? Behold the days and months, and years, unmindful of his delay, are never sluggish, but march forward in silent and solemn procession. Our labors and toils, our ideas and feelings, may be suspended by sleep, darkness, silence and death may reign around us but time rests not—slumber not, but presses along, and knows no stopping. We may dash up mighty rivers—stop them in their journeying to the ocean—press them back to their source; but the arrest of time is beyond the power of any human being, besides omnipotence. The clock may cease to strike, the bell to toll; the sun may cease to shine, the moon stand still; but the busy hours pass on. The months and years must move forever forward.

SAGE QUESTION.

If God, for wise and holy purposes, permitted sin to enter and to operate in this world, that all might be overruled for the manifestation of His glory, where is the inconsistency of its existing throughout eternity, and of its being punished forever?—Edinburgh Theological Magazine.

Such, if I mistake not is the strong hold of the doctrine of endless misery. It seems to be regarded as an impregnable fortress. But let us try for a moment the strength of the position. It is conceded then on all hands, that God for wise and holy purposes permitted sin to enter and operate in this world that all might be overruled for the manifestation of his glory. But how does it thence follow that sin may be permitted to exist forever? Has the conclusion the remotest connexion with the premises? If the principle of reasoning may be legitimately and safely adopted, that since sin existed in this world, it may, and probably will exist forever, there are many other conclusions which I think may be drawn which will contradict most of the great doctrines of revelation. I will mention a few.

1. If God, for wise and holy purposes, permits his saints to sin here in this world, that it might be overruled for the manifestation of his glory, where is the inconsistency of their sinning throughout eternity?

2. If God, for wise and holy purposes, permits his saints to be afflicted and in sorrow here in this world, that it might be overruled for the manifestation of his glory, where is the inconsistency of their continuing to be afflicted throughout eternity?

3. If God, for wise and holy purposes, permitted death to enter and operate in this world that it might be overruled for the manifestation of his glory, where is the inconsistency of its existing throughout eternity?

Will some of our religious opposers, who feel that the question at the head of this article is unanswerable, be good enough to furnish answers to these three. Perhaps they may learn that their favorite argument, is, after all, a two edged sword.—*Messenger and Universalist.*

A firm trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calam

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

"And catch the manners living as they rise."

GARDINER, OCTOBER 9, 1835.

We learn by a gentleman from Thompson, that Rev. N. C. Fletcher, was on Sunday last, elected Representative to the Legislature from that town.

We are happy to learn, that the former Ticonic was not so much damaged in her passage down the river last week as has been represented. She was from Bath to this place by the Steam-McDonough, on Sunday last, and is now undergoing a thorough repair, and will be ready to resume her regular rout between Bath and Augusta, by the first of next week.

IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.

We copy the annexed intelligence from the New Orleans American of the 15th ult.:—By the arrival of the schooner Lady Wilson, Capt. Dunford, from Velasco, since she started on the 27th August, we put in possession of late intelligence from Texas. It appears that that country is in a state of extraordinary excitement, and on eve of revolution. The alarming progress of Centralism through the rest of the Mexican Republic,—threatened invasion Santa Anna,—a meditated sale of a large quantity of settled territory,—the imposition of burthensome and unequal taxes on commerce of the country, and the armament of the Governor, are circumstances which have aroused the people of Texas to defence of their rights and to resist oppression. Meetings have been held in all towns and villages. Among the rest, Umbria, Harrisburg, Valisco, Brazoria, San Philippe, have adopted resolutions expressive of indignation at the proceedings of the General Government, and of a determination to resist them. A convention has been called by those meetings, and a delegation expressed to abide its decisions. A convention was to have met on the September, and it was expected that it would take such measures as will excite Santa Anna to prosecute his threatened invasion. All doubtless call upon every Texian to resist, by every honorable means—remonstrance first, and arms afterwards—the operations of Centralism.

It is stated, that all the states of Mexico, except Texas, have given their assent to Centralism, and to the dominion of Santa Anna. This system is doubtless the proper for the Mexican people, but it will not be for the Americans. Texas cannot submit to it; her only resource is to arms. A nation of independence is the next thing we shall doubtless hear of.

Santa Anna is concentrating a large force at Matto. If he moves one step towards us, it will amount to a declaration of war.

Recently laid down at Nisi Prius, but we are not aware that it has ever before been so definitely established in this State.

[New York Com. Adv.]

CURIOSITY. We were shown by a friend the other day quite a curiosity. In a stone which was brought from Pennsylvania was the petrification of a rattlesnake's tail—the rattles with a small portion of the body. The rattles were very distinctly defined, and about forty in number. The stone in which it was embedded was of a very dark color, resembling slate, though somewhat harder, and unstratified. The petrification has the appearance of white marble. Besides this, on the surface of the stone are various animal impressions—the fin, apparently of fish, and of insects. We were also shown what appeared to be the petrification of a honeycomb, which you would at first almost mistake for the reality, so perfect is the resemblance. The outer portion of the cells were empty, and the centre filled with stone about the color of honey in the comb—the cells throughout distinct. [Vermont Phenix.]

MYSTERIOUS. Two men named Hathorn, brothers, and another named Legg from New Hampshire, were apprehended and lodged in jail yesterday, on suspicion of murdering a man named Perry, from China, who came to this city with some oxen and a horse for sale. Perry had disposed of his oxen, one yoke of which were purchased by the Hathorns who live near "the Corporation." On Monday last, he left his brother's at Stillwater and came down to Hathorn's in order to arrange some matters with regard to their trade. Having left his horse at his brother's, they became alarmed at his not returning that night or on the following day, and despatched a messenger to China to ascertain whether he had gone home. His friends there had not heard of him, and suspicion was immediately awakened that he had been murdered by the Hathorns. It is said that cries of murder had been heard by some of the neighbors on the night he was missing. A large number of men were employed in searching for his body yesterday, but we understand no traces of it was to be found. Report says that an axe and a mallet were found about Hathorn's premises with marks of blood upon them. The suspected persons will be brought up for examination to day.

Bangor Daily Adv. of Sept. 23.

ALL FOR LOVE. A soldier named Miller committed suicide a few days since at Pittsburgh, in consequence of being ordered to a distant part of the country previous to his marriage with a young lady of Pittsburgh, to whom he had been a long time engaged. An order has been received at the Boston navy yard, for building a steam vessel to carry 12 guns.

A PRESENT WORTH HAVING. King Otto, of Oude, has recently presented to His Majesty William the Fourth, a bedstead and table of solid gold, two chairs of solid silver, both richly chased and ornamented—two elephants, two Arabian horses, and two dwarf buffaloes—valued at £80,000. We hope the donor will remember us—he may keep his elephants and buffaloes, and welcome, if he will send us a gold bedstead and chair. [Post.]

The last Cincinnati Gazette mentions the following important movement in the Sugar market in that city: "We learn that all the sugar in first hands at Louisville, amounting to 1500 hds, cost about \$130,000, has been purchased, on speculation, at four months. It has, consequently, risen 1-2 cent per pound by the hogshead, and one cent by the barrel."

FROM THE SOUTH. Thompson the notorious free booter in Mexican Gulf, and Captain of the Correo, has been captured by the schr. Felipe, Capt. Hurd, who first discovered him firing upon the brig Tremont, assisting a Mexican armed sloop.

The Steamboat Don Juan burst her boiler 27 miles above Mobile city, on the 1st ult.; the engineer, whose name was Harry Underwood, was killed, and several passengers badly scalded.

One of the McGrews who committed a savage murder in Mobile, in April last, for whose arrest a large reward was offered, has been traced to Texas, arrested and sent back to Mobile.

The damage by the gale of September 18th is not so great as was at first supposed. Hull-hoy and horse were drowned at Port Royal Ferry, near Beaufort, on the 18th. The yellow fever has made its appearance in New Orleans.

Adore Gaudouin, an old French inhabitant of Charleston, blew his brains out with a bursman's pistol, in that city, Sept. 22nd. His embarrasment is assigned for the cause.

INTERESTING DECISION. A case was recently argued before the chancellor, involving a principle which should be known to all persons and occupants of real estate, as the hedge may serve to prevent the bringing of many suits without good ground of action. The controversy grew out of an action sustained by the Catholic church in the rear of Mr. Val. Allain's plantation, in West Baton Rouge, he perceived an enormous tiger rapidly advancing towards him. He attempted to fire at him repeatedly, but his gun as often snapped. The tiger having approached sufficiently near, made a spring at the Indian, who, with great presence of mind seized his tomahawk and made a blow at his assailant, which struck him on the shoulder while with his left hand he seized him by the throat. He repeated his blows so rapidly and effectually that the tiger in a few seconds lay dead at his feet.

The shoulders and sides of the Indian are much lacerated by the claws of the tiger which was about seven feet long.—[Louisiana Register, Sept. 13.]

Remedy for Poison by Dogwood or Ivy. Dr Richardson of South Reading, has authorised us to state that he has ascertained by actual experiment, that copperas (sulphate of iron) is a perfect specific against poison by dogwood or ivy. Dissolve 1-4 of an ounce in a pint of water and wash the part affected. [Salem Gaz.]

Mr. Binney's Eulogy on Judge Marshall, delivered in Philadelphia on Thursday, occupied one hour and three quarters.

UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE. We understand that a clergyman, not a resident of Boston, who undertook to officiate in one of the churches of this city, yesterday forenoon, actually fell asleep in the pulpit before the commencement of the services, and took a long and apparently a comfortable nap! But the congregation, after waiting composedly half an hour, became impatient at being left so long to their own cogitations, and one of the number assumed the responsibility of rousing the reverend gentleman from his slumbers.

We consider this a dangerous precedent, and hope it will not be followed. We are aware that it is fashionable in many churches for a portion of the congregation to sleep during the service—but we do beg that the pastor will keep awake. [Boston Jour.]

How to make the winter pass quick. Give a note to the Bank for ninety days, and Spring will come as soon as you are prepared for it.

MURDER.—A man named Samuel Perry, late of China, is missing in Bangor, supposed to be murdered by another named Legg, who has been examined before the Minicpa' Court. A reward of \$200 has been offered by the municipal authorities of Bangor for the discovery of the body of Perry.

You know our Zack? Well, he comes up from Boston t'other day on the railroad. Zack says as how them are locomotives are real snorters for speed. He tell'd me that he come so quick, that when they got half way, they heard Wilson, in Boston, crying a pocket book lost, and a fellow in Providence at the same time, singing out charcoal! What d'e think of that, ha?

[Prov. Journal.]

The Providence Journal states that the town of Taunton is in great commotion in consequence of the threatened liberation from jail of Mr. Wilmuth, the keeper of a public house there, who has been committed for the non-payment of certain fines for selling spirit without a license. The civil authorities sent to Providence to procure the fire arms, Saturday; but happily, the night passed without any disturbance.—Post.

Several Cases of Small pox have occurred at Concord, N. H. within a few days—one or two fatal.

Counterfeit bills on the Milton Bank are said to be in circulation.

Peter G. Crine, convicted of murder at Newburg, is to be executed on the 6th Nov. There is no yard attached to the jail and the convict will be hanged within the prison walls.

A boat race for \$1000 a side is to take place on the 15th October, at Jersey City opposite New York.

The Old Colony Memorial states that about 200 men are now at work on the Taunton Branch Railroad, which is to connect with the Boston and Providence Railroad to Mansfield—and that the road will be completed in the course of next summer, and will most probably be extended to New Bedford.

The celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Bloody Brook, and the laying of the corner stone of the monument to be erected to the memory of those who fell in the battle, will take place on Wednesday next, on which occasion an address will be delivered by the Hon. Edward Everett.—Bost. Daily Adv.

The Boston and Bangor Steam Navigation Co., voted at their meeting on Friday to build a new boat, superior in every capacity to any on our waters. She is to be contracted for immediately, and will be finished in time to commence running early in the spring. The estimated cost is \$75,000.

We learn with regret that the Cholera has reappeared at Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, near the mouth of the Rock river. Up to the 17th Aug. there had been 68 cases in all—several of them mild, but a majority of them very severe; five deaths had occurred, three of which were new recruits and two old soldiers. So violent were the attacks, and so rapidly were the victims hurried off, that the commanding officer deemed it prudent to evacuate the post temporarily; the part of the troops were therefore marched several miles west of the Mississippi and encamped.—Army and Navy Chron.

Death of a Sleep walker. John Muly, a young man, aged twenty seven years, employed in the Southwick Brewery, Philadelphia, who fell from an upper story into the cellar, whilst walking in his sleep on Friday night last, died at the Pennsylvania Hospital on Tuesday. He was a sober and industrious man.

Tiger Fight. Sometime last week while an Indian was hunting in the night, in the rear of Mr. Val. Allain's plantation, in West Baton Rouge, he perceived an enormous tiger rapidly advancing towards him. He attempted to fire at him repeatedly, but his gun as often snapped. The tiger having approached sufficiently near, made a spring at the Indian, who, with great presence of mind seized his tomahawk and made a blow at his assailant, which struck him on the shoulder while with his left hand he seized him by the throat.

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The shoulders and sides of the Indian are much lacerated by the claws of the tiger which was about seven feet long.—[Louisiana Register, Sept. 13.]

Professor Green, of Philadelphia, has imported a powerful magnet from London, the electric sparks from which decompose water, and heat platinum wire red hot.

A Mobile woman has been arrested in Texas, and lodged in New Orleans jail, charged with having murdered two children in Alabama.

The Cholera has appeared among the Pawnee and Otto Indians at Council bluffs—it was rumored at that place that it had also appeared among the Omahas.

Holt's Hotel has been sold, including all the fixtures, furniture, &c. for one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. It was struck off to Levi Disbrow. It is said that the property, including furniture, &c. cost Mr Holt upwards of \$300,000.

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On Monday there was a large turn out of the weavers in Philadelphia, for higher wages. Several hundred of them paraded through the principal streets with flags and music.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT. William Perry was driving the celebrated Providence horse Black Joke, down Beacon street on Tuesday, when the breeching broke, and the wagon coming against the horse's heels, he bolted and overturned the vehicle; Mr. P. was thrown eight or ten feet in the air, and so severely injured by the fall that but little hope is entertained of his recovery, his right temple, shoulder and side being most shockingly bruised, and his left hand completely crushed. The horse ran over the Western Avenue, but was retaken without injury.

[Boston Post.]

MARRIED,

In this town, Oct. 1st, by Rev. Mr. Beadle, Mr. Cyrus Bran to Miss Nancy Wyers, both of Gardiner. In Portland, on Monday last, Rev. Orange Scott, Presiding Elder on Providence District, N. E. Conference, to Miss Eliza Dearborn of Portland.

On Thursday morning last, Mr. Isaac A. Bray, of Newburyport, to Miss Margaret K. Hall, of P. In Westbrook, on Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. John Crockett, of Portland, to Miss Lucy Stevens.

In Bath, Capt. Augustus N. Littlefield, of Newport, R. I. to Miss Mary Elizabeth Lemont, of Bath.

In St George, Mr. Aaron S. Wall to Miss Ellery Watts; Mr. Alexander Robinson to Miss Hannah Watts.

DIED,

In Natick, 17th ult. Mr Nathaniel E. Stanley, a native of Bellfont, Me. aged 24.

In Nobleboro, Mrs. Sarah Barstow, aged 22 years.

In Bath Mr. Elbridge Thompson; Mrs. Rhoda Brown aged 61; Miss Hannah M. Eider, aged 12 years; Mrs. Rachel T. wife of Capt. E. H. Russell.

E. MARSHALL, Dept. Shif.

Gardiner, Sept. 25, 1835.

Sw. 36.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

KENNEBEC, SS—

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at PUBLIC VENDE, on SATURDAY, the Seventeenth day of October next, at two of the clock in the afternoon, in WING'S Mills so called, in Mount Vernon in said County, all the right, title and interest which Calvin Wing, of Waterford and State of New York, has of Redeeming one undivided third part of a certain parcel of land in Mount Vernon, being lot No. 50 on John Jones' Plantation, now Mount Vernon, and bounded as follows, to wit: Westerly by the West line of said lot. Sotherby by part of said lot owned by or in possession of Joseph Clifford, and Notherly and Easterly by the mile and a half Stream so called, together with the several buildings thereon; also lot No. 50 on the plan of John Jones, containing two hundred acres, being part of both sides of the public highway, Easterly of the Mills on the mile and half Stream above described, the same being set off on Execution from Calvin Wing to Gardiner Iron Company, May 12, 1835, for the sum of \$659.87 cts.

E. MARSHALL, Dept. Shif.

Gardiner, Sept. 25, 1835.

Sw. 36.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE BATH, ME.

THE subscriber has opened a public House in the building recently occupied by John Elliot—under the above name, and solicits a share of patronage.

The house is conveniently situated for communications by land and water. It stands on the stage road, and the stages stop at the door going east and west. It is also near the River, and the starting place of the Gardiner and Augusta steam-boat.

Faithful and attentive servants and hostlers will be provided, and the utmost exertion of the subscriber will be used to accommodate and make comfortable all who may visit or stop at the house.

JOHN BEALS.

Bath, August 23, 1835. tf. 32.

IMPROVED CLAY AND BRICK MACHINE.

THE subscriber having recently made a valuable improvement for the Manufacture of BRICKS by MACHINERY, with the application of HORSE or WATER POWER, offers it to the public. It is a complete labor saving Machine, as by Horse Power thirty six or even more, finished Bricks may be cast in one minute, ready for drying. Those who are engaged in the manufacture of Bricks should be provided with one of those valuable Machines, the cost being trifling, when the saving in hard labor is considered. Many experienced Gentlemen have examined the Machine and seen it in operation, and several of them have kindly tendered Certificates of their approbation of the same.

ROBERT RANKIN.

FRANKFORT, ME. 1834.

THE subscriber having purchased one half of the Patent right of the proprietor for the Counties of Lincoln and Kennebec, hereby gives notice that said Machine—may be seen in operation at East Thomaston. Those who are engaged in the Brick business are respectfully invited to come and examine for themselves.

KNOTT CROCKET.

East Thomaston, August 21, 1835. tf 31

STEAM BOAT LINE FROM BOSTON TO GARDINER,

THE NEW STEAMER PORTLAND.

JABEZ HOWES, JR. Master,

Will leave Union Wharf Portland, for Boston every

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY

AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M.

WILL LEAVE FOSTER'S WHARF, BOSTON, FOR PORTLAND EVERY

TUESDAY, TH

POETRY.

[From the Southern Pioneer.]

"REMEMBER THY CREATOR."

"Remember me!" the mother
In fond affection cries,
As from her warm and last embrace,
Her child in sorrow flies—
For oft, beside thy cradle bed
Full many a weary watch I've led,
And oft my heart hath felt with thee
The sting of pain—remember me!"

"Remember me!" the father,
In many a sorrow tone
Exclaims as he bids adieu
To his departing son—

For when in youth thou disobeyed,
And in thy hand the rod was swayed
To chasten thee, thy childish plea
Bath checked the stroke—remember me!"

"Remember me!" the sister
Sighs forth with aching heart,
While round her brother's neck she clings
As if she could not part—

When far away, forgot not thou
Thy sister's love—thy sister's vow;
Her fond remembrance follows thee
Through weal or woe—remember me!"

"Remember me!" the Author
Of all existence cries;
"For every good and perfect gift,"

Which mortals know or prize—
The joys of life—the bliss of home
But by my dispensation come;

Oh! then, if earth's love calleth thee
To cherish thought, remember me!"

"Remember me!" for darkness,
Ye, death's most dreary gloom,
May, on a parent's fondness set
The signet of the tomb:

A sister's tendril love may cling

Around some nearer, dearer thing—

But oh! my love is ever free,

Unchanged and full—remember me!"

DESULTORIOUS.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

As the whole community is agitated with measures adapted to assert the rights and advance the interest of laboring men, it would be well to consider for a moment the claims for industrious women.

There is a strange and cruel mockery in the conduct of the lords of creation to the weaker sex. They are fond of speaking in extravagant terms on the excellence of women, they delight in manifesting their refinement by unmeaning compliments, and exhibit their gallantry in a thousand superfluous attentions. Here their justice ends—They call themselves the defenders of woman—do they protect her? they praise her virtue—does their conduct manifest a real respect? they compassionate her weakness—do they sustain her in poverty cheer her loneliness with the voice of encouragement, or do ought in any shape to supply her wants, or alleviate her afflictions? The world is a scene of violence, where every man scrambles for his share of the plunder—but weak woman is constrained by her physical inferiority to stand apart and gaze hopelessly, with little stray fragments which may fall in her way.—She is, still, as in the olden time, a gleaner in the harvest of life; and though her responsibilities are equal to those of man, she is expected to supply all her wants and perform her duties upon the miserable pittance which the reaper leaves behind him as unworthy to be gathered. Such is the justice, such the kindness of man to woman.

It may be admitted that man is gentle and affectionate to those of the other sex who may be related to him. Strange if he were not. Now unnatural would be the ingratitude that would require a mother's pains, a wife's solicitude, a sister's tenderness, with harshness. How strangely cold and heartless must be the bosom which, not only insensible to the loveliness, gentleness, and purity of woman, should also prove an alien ever to the ties of nature. Man has not been thus unnatural, for the necessities of his being forbid it. But what has he done for that portion of the sex disconnected with himself—the lone, the friendless? what support or encouragement does the widow, with her flock of little ones, or the unprotected orphan, or the friendless female, receive from man? How is her labor required—how are her rights maintained? what encouragement do the laws extend to her; what champions spring forth in her cause?

The sturdy laborer complains that his wages are low, and thousands in a moment unite and procure for him redress: but the widow may toil with superior assiduity and receive less than the tithe of the wages of the man—and who strives for her? Is her labor less useful or necessary? By no means. Are her orphans more readily or cheaply sustained than the children of the laborer? of course they are not. Yet she is allowed to toil unceasingly, and receives a paltry pittance, which if quadrupled, would be spurned by a man-laborer with scorn.—Again, the man complains, justly, perhaps, that twelve hour's labor is too much for his Herculean frame, and he strikes for an amelioration of his condition. The press is clamorous in support of the poor LABORER; orators and politicians espouse his cause and he triumphs. But the lone widow sits at her solitary labor plying the needle with her hands and rocking the cradle with her foot.—The sun rises and sets upon her, and the

stars almost fade upon the sky before, with a fevered and exhausted frame, she sinks upon her couch. But who, we ask again, who strikes for the lone widow? who compassionates her wrongs, and asserts her rights? Perhaps it will be ascertained that woman has no rights.—Men are entitled to high wages, but women should not expect it; men must not labor more than ten hours—but women may toil day and night. Might makes right; and the women being weak and unable to demand her fair share of the advantages that result from labor, must consent to be as she has been, the drudge and slave of those who prize about her beauty and their chivalry.—Philadelphia Gaz.

CLOSING PASSAGE OF 'OUTRE MER.'—My pilgrimage is finished. I have come home to rest; and recording the time passed, I have fulfilled these things and written them in this book as it would come into my mind—for the most part when the duties of the day were over, and the world around me was hushed in sleep. The pen wherewith I wrote most easily is a feather stolen from the sable wing of night. Even now, as I record these parting words, it is long past midnight. The morning watches have begun. And as I write, the melancholy thought intrudes upon me,—To what end is all this toil? Of what avail these midnight vigils? Dost thou covet fame? Vain dreamer! A few brief days—and what will the busy world know of thee?—Alas! this little book is but a bubble on the stream; although it may catch the sunshine for a moment, yet it will soon float down the swift rushing current, and be seen no more.—Henry Longfellow.

HARD LIVING.—We have it from pretty good authority, that there lives an old bachelor in the city of New York, who is very rich and keeps a store, in which he employs two clerks. These clerks salary he pays by allowing them extra privileges in the store. He is so darn'd close that he sleeps in the store upon the bare counter. His meals consist of two pennies' worth of dried apples for breakfast, eaten dry and without drink; for dinner he drinks a quart of water to swell the apples, and for supper eats and drinks nothing for the year round.

This is better board than the Dutchman got, when apprentice to the tailor's trade, who never had any breakfast given him; for dinner he'd get a good flogging and for supper that which was left over from dinner warmed over again.—He would have almost starved, had it not been for the CABBAGE.

Some of the eastern papers are giving an account of a child, which at birth was put into a pint tankard. We know something better than that. We have a neighbor, a blank-and-twine editor, who at birth was put in a tankard, which unfortunately happened to be filled with beer, but instead of being drowned, he drank the whole contents at a single pull and then shouted, with a precocity rather astonishing in an infant—"Give us another pot of your ale daddy!" We need not add that throughout life he has faithfully kept the promise of his infancy.—Louisville Jour.

How richly delicious are the sounds of human voices when they come from those we love. With what attentiveness does the spirit spring to attend to their accents! How like the teachings of a god do the sentiments conveyed go down into the soul—like the strains of fine music lingering there like loved companions. I would give more for one hour of conversation, than for a month of what is commonly called pleasure.

"You mustn't smoke here sir," said the captain of a North River steamboat to a man who was smoking among the ladies on the quarter deck. "I mustn't hay! why not?" replied he, opening his capacious mouth, and allowing the smoke lazily to escape. "Didn't you see the sign? all gentlemen are requested not to smoke abaf the engine." Bless your soul that dont mean me—I'm no gentleman—not a bit of it. You can't make a gentleman of me, no how you can fix it. So saying he sucked away, and "took the responsibility."—Lowell Times.

NOTICE.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between Lovejoy & Butman is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons having demands against said firm are requested to present them for settlement, and all indebted are hereby called upon to make immediate payment to V. R. Lovejoy who is duly authorized to settle the same.

V. R. LOVEJOY,
OLIVER BUTMAN.

V. R. L. would inform his former friends and customers that he still carries on his business at the old stand, directly opposite the Farmers Hotel, where will be found every thing in the line of his business, CHEAP FOR CASH.

SILK HATS,

MANUFACTURED and for sale at J. HOOPER'S Store in Water Street.

J. H. would respectfully inform his customers and the public generally, that he continues to carry on the SILK HAT making business, and will be able to furnish as good and handsome an article of this kind as on reasonable terms as can be obtained in any other store. Particular hats made to order at very short notice. Hats ordered in the morning will be made and ready in the evening; therefore he would respectfully solicit all persons who wish for a handsome and durable hat to call and examine before they purchase elsewhere. Also, as usual, a large and handsome assortment of FUR HATS, both black and drab of their own manufacture. Also, New York and Boston Hats of all the fashionable style.

Augusta, April, 1835.

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To the Legislature of the State of Maine.

THE subscribers respectfully represent that the Lakes lying in Winthrop and Readfield and the neighboring towns and the boatable Waters of the Cobbosse Contee River might easily be connected with each other and with Kennebec River—so as to make an easy convenient and cheap mode of transportation from the interior towns in the County of Kennebec, to Navigable waters at Gardiner. They therefore pray that they and their associates may be formed into a body politic for effecting the purposes aforesaid with such powers and privilages, as are best adapted to effect the object.

STEPHEN SEWALL, and 32 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

In SENATE, March 17, 1835.

On the Petition aforesaid.

Ordered, That the Petitioners cause an attested copy of their Petition, with this order thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer a Paper printed at Winthrop and in the Christian Intelligencer, printed at Gardiner, the last publication to be thirty days at least before the first Wednesday of the next Legislature, that all persons interested, may then appear and shew cause (if any they have,) why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Read and accepted. Sent down for Concurrence.

JOSIAH PIERCE, President.

In the House of Representatives March 20, 1835.

Read and Concurred.

JONATHAN CILLEY, Speaker.

A true copy—Attest of petition and order thereon. Attest, WILLIAM TRAFTON Sec'y. of the Senate.

Attest, WILLIAM TRAFTON Sec'y. of the Senate.